

boldt, whom I had not seen for a long time, in order to speak to him concerning Auguste's affair, but that I did not find him. In former visits I had spoken to him about my position, and told him that I did not well know what course to take with my publisher. He offered to write to him, and did so more than two months ago. Thus far, neither he nor I have had any answer. This morning, just as I was going out, a letter came from M. de Humboldt, who writes me that he is very uneasy at receiving no reply from Cotta, that he fears lest the uncertainty and anxiety of mind resulting from this may be injurious to my work, and begs me to accept the inclosed credit of a thousand francs. . . . Oh! if my mother would forget for one moment that this is the celebrated M. de Humboldt, and find courage to write him only a few lines, how grateful I should be to her. I think it would come better from her than from papa, who would do it more correctly, no doubt, but perhaps not quite as I should like. Humboldt is so good, so indulgent, that you should not hesitate, dear mother, to write him a few lines. He lives Rue du Colombier, No. 22; address, quite simply, M. de Humboldt. . . .